Tales of the Old Republic

The Painter and the Kingdom of Pleasure

The Old Republic slept under candlelight.

But faint sketches began to appear—faces in ink,

engines in margins,

suns caught inside glass.

They called them “the witch’s dreams”

Each parchment pulsed with hidden breath,

and the elders trembled.

“Something draws behind the veil,” they said.

And the wind carried laughter from a brush that no hand held.

a world built by the jester

where the cage would be stronger

Then came the shouting.

Crying,

visions,

bodies writhing like strings

pulled by unseen gears.

The preachers heard demons,

but the ground heard machinery.

The noise of the town that screamed

was the first hum of industry

Every scream a spark.

Every gallows a warning.

They burned the people—

but the real witch was still invisible:

the mind of invention.

Far from the smoke,

the Painter watched.

He saw fear spread like oil and smiled.

He wore velvet and ink instead of armor.

the clown prince of crime

feared his plans would waste

When the panic reached his door,

the Painter laughed again.

he said to the Bounty Decree:

“Silence the criers,”

“Buy their silence with gold

or bury them beneath the scaffolds.”

And he sent his new bounty hunters—men

with compasses and rifles—to still the noise.

The trials ended not by mercy,

but by management.

Those who screamed were written out of the papers,

and the Painter’s towers rose quietly behind the smoke.

The bounty hunters became engineers.

Their rifles became rulers,

their horses became locomotives.

They measured every miracle

until nothing was sacred.

They built the first foundries

and called them temples of the jedi.

Steam became incense.

And the Painter crowned himself

architect of pleasure

King

of Gotham city